The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Regret.

Thrust in my hand, one summer day,
A bunch of crimson poppies lay,
Withered and warm from a little hand
That had gathered their bloom at Love's command.
On other things and thoughts intent,
My absent gaze upon them bent;
Idly I turned them o'er and o'er,
Then dropped their bloom upon the floor;
But now I weep for that summer day,
And the withered poppies I threw away.

Once on my ear a child's voice fell,
Its loving tones I knew full well.
And yet how strange—unheeded oft
The words I heard, so sweet and soft,
Unfelt the little hands that pressed
Around my neck, upon my breast.
Now years have passed, and borne away
The words and looks of that dear day;
My empty arms I stretch in vain,
But the child will ne'er come back again.

Oh, words and tones of bygone years!
How could ye fall on careless ears?
Why unresponsive were ye met,
Sweet, loving deeds? Oh, vain regret!
Tears cannot bring my flowers again,
Nor words of love unheeded then;
Only a look of sad surprise,
And disappointed, childish eyes.

So God's best gifts to us, each day
Dropped from His hand on Life's rough way,
Often we pass unnoticed by;
They, like the flowers, unheeded lie,
And looking back in after years,
With aching eyes, through streaming tears,
We stretched our longing arms in vain;
The treasures lost ne'er come again.

The Stumbling-blocks of Liberty.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH BY

L. P. JACKS, M.A.

I. COR. VIII. 9.—"Take heed lest this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak."

Those of us who have not been bred in the faith and traditions of this Church, but have come into this freer atmosphere after abandoning what we now regard as the narrower form of religion in which we were brought up, will find a close analogy between the position in which they stand, as believers in Liberal Christianity, and the position in which St. Paul stood when he gave up the religion of the Jewish Law and became a preacher of the Christian Gospel. I do not mean that our opinions in theological matters must needs tally in all respects with those of St. Paul. Perhaps they do: perhaps they do not. But, at all events, we have had one great experience which he also had. We are familiar in ourselves with a frame of mind which is characteristic of St. Paul, and constantly finds emphatic expression in his writings. This feeling, this frame of mind, is one of profound relief. The religion of the Law, in which St. Paul had been brought up, lay for many years like a burden on his soul. He describes that religion as a body of death, looking back upon it from the point of view

gained after his conversion, and he regards his deliverance from it as the happiest thing that had happened to him, or could happen to any man. So long as he remained in the Jewish fold he had believed all that became a pious Jew: but the chief effect of so believing was to occasion him untold misery—to make the world look black, to cramp the energies of life, and to fill the soul with hopeless discontent. And that is the frame of mind with which some of us here to-day are familiar in the retrospect of our life. So far back as the days of the Roman singer, Lucretius, religion had to bear the charge of being the source of the heaviest burdens of mankind. In one or two respects we are able to confirm the charge which Lucretius brought. We have in time past been made to think thoughts, to hold beliefs, which simply blackened life, and the more pious we became in our fidelity the more impious seemed the whole scheme on which the universe was created and governed. We looked forth on life as on a scene beset with appalling penalties, and in which only the slenderest safeguards existed to prevent the wayward steps of man from going astray. Perhaps we were persuaded of our own safety; but it was the safety of men who having escaped from a sinking ship on some tiny raft, were forced to stand by and look on while all the rest of the ship's company went down in wreck and confusion. So long as we were dominated by these thoughts, the Gospel of Christ, which is always the Gospel of Joy, became for us a dead letter. In a world so circumstanced, in the midst of a humanity so doomed, how could we obey the apostolic injunction to "rejoice always, and again rejoice." The nearest approach to joy we ever knew arose from the sense that by the mercy of God we had been saved from the general wreck of humanity, which was a selfish and therefore ignoble satisfaction. And even of our own safety we were not altogether sure. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" were words that constantly broke in with ominous sound on the sense of security. Long ago John Bunyan set himself to write down, with terrible truthfulness, the history of the mental states associated with his own form of Christian faith. "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" is the book to which I refer. It is well for us to-day to read Bunyan's account of these things, even if only that we might learn to appreciate the full extent of the deliverance which has come to us. There we may see the unutterable despair, the appalling misgivings, the morbid self-accusations, the blotting-out of every other human interest by fearful solicitude for their own souls to which sane men were subject, and still are subject, wherever those ideas hold their ground. It may be that the picture is too strong to be true for the majority of such believers, but allowing for that, and granting that in most cases there is only a faint approach to the experiences of Bunyan, that only the general attitude of mind is the same, yet even so one can't help feeling that to deliver men from the influence of these opinions and beliefs is one of the most genuine services ever conferred upon the human race. Those of us who have been so delivered will never forget the sense of relief that came to us when we found it no longer necessary to believe those things. For the first time in our lives we began to breathe freely in God's world. Not till the oppression was lifted off did we know how heavy the weight had been.

But this state of mind, now happily impossible for most of us, evil though it be when you take it all in all, contains some elements of truth which answer to permanent needs of man. Something there was at the source of this oppression, something there was at the back of these morbid fears which must be sifted out and retained for ever. First and foremost, there was a profound sense of the *seriousness* of life, too exclusive p rhaps, but in the main based on fact; an utter and wholesome rejection of that lying spirit which paints life as a playground, and invites each new comer to take his fill of the game. Next came the idea that life is *probation*, an opportunity for choosing between certain alternatives, a chance for attaining certain ends, and though these old theologies were, as we think, utterly wrong in stating what the opportunity was given for, yet they were as utterly right in declaring that in the nature of things it could not be given again, and once lost it was lost for ever. Associated with this was their firm conviction in an infinite difference between right and wrong, a difference not to be expressed, as they expressed it, by the contrast between an eternal heaven and an eternal hell,

but a fact, nevertheless, which, wherever we can trace it in its full length and breadth, compels us to tremble with a godly fear. They were right too when, following out that line of thought, they declared that man was responsible to a higher power, and that, therefore, sin was a reality, and the retribution of sin a certainty. In all this they did full justice to the terrors of the Law, though I think we must grant they were singularly insensible to the more tender and consoling aspects of the world. They were wrong in not taking account of the friendly influences which the visible world supplies for the higher life of man: they knew little or nothing of the divine help and healing which come from man and nature and art: here the modern point of view seems to be truer than theirs: but they made up for this omission by taking account of something which our pleasanter theologies seem to have forgotten: viz, that alongside of the friendly influences, and mingled with them, there are influences of an exactly opposite nature: that the soul, or true self, is menaced by adversaries: that the higher life of man is exposed to a perpetual conspiracy among his passions and in the world to which whosoever fails to be on his guard shall inevitably fall a victim. 'Twas but a slight error if they personified these influences and called them Satan: but 'tis a vastly deeper error if any of us to-day is blind enough to think those influences do not exist. And what shall we say of the idea they had of that supreme Reality whom men call God? It is usual to hear it said that the idea which the Puritan formed of God is one before which no one could worship, who has sat at the feet of Jesus Christ. Be it so! Granted that this picture of a jealous and punitive Deity cannot even be thought of without horror by one whose soul has been breathed upon by the humanitarian spirit of the present age. One thing will yet stand to his credit. The Puritan felt with utter truth that God is a Being with whom man has to do in every moment of his existence. He knew that the strength of all great performances, and the strength of all heroic endurance, was for him who should cast aside self-sufficiency and humbly seek the help of a higher Power.

I suppose that I am speaking to those who justly regard themselves as emancipated from the terrible burden of the religion I have described. But, before boasting of our freedom, let us see how far the process of emancipation has carried us. We have escaped from the *terrors* of those dismal creeds: but have we, in escaping, lost the *strength* which was able to face a world in which those terrors were thought to be true? We have long ceased to think that God could even be thought of as permitting the permanent ruin of the great majority of the human race: we have ceased to wrong the Bible by supposing that any such thing was taught within its pages—but what is left in place of these opinions? Have we nothing to show but a vague belief in a theology of universal indulgence—fading off into no belief at all? Our fathers talked of an adversary who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. We have dismissed that adversary from the world of real existence: have we also dismissed the vigilance which watched for his assaults, and the strenuousness which resisted them? "There is no devil," we say. But do we suppose there are no moral risks? Send a man without principles into the world of trade, or society, or the professions, or public life; let that man live morally from hand to mouth, on notions picked up from the morning papers or at the club; let him settle to the belief that in the indulgence of his passions he has none to please but himself, and in the conduct of his business no master but his own desires, and what can you say of his liberty, of his emancipation from old-fashioned ideas except this—that it constitutes a real danger both to the man himself and to the society of which he is a member? We dwell too much on the *depressing* influences of the old theology, from which we, forsooth, have escaped! Have we forgotten that it had an *inspiring* influence as well—an inspiration born of the belief that men have a Master to serve and a command to obey? And here I think we reach the question by which the value of our liberty is finally tested. St. Paul shall show us how to apply that test. Two grounds there were on which he "gloried" before God and men. The first was in being a free man: the second was in being a servant—or as it should be rendered—"a slave" of Jesus Christ. "Paul, the *slave* of Jesus Christ," was the title by which this great apostle of liberty best loved to call himself. Have we also that

double ground of rejoicing? The first we have. We, too, are free men. But have we found, as he did, some One higher than ourselves, or at all events, some *thing* higher than our own passions and fancies, the service of which is an inspiration? Has emancipation left us *uninspired*? Alas, if so! An uninspired man is a half-developed being. Prudence, intellect, strict morality are virtues of which we have sadly too little: but they are uninspired: by them alone we shall never rise to our best, though we may avoid falling to our worst; by them alone we shall never succeed in unfolding the full extent of our usefulness to the world. To do that we need some breath of heaven to stir us, some spark of heaven to set our hearts on fire. Has liberty given us this, as well as other things? Has it brought us into contact with any one mighty truth, of which when we hear it spoken we so feel the greatness and the sanctity that instantly we rise up from our sloth, and cast aside our self-complacency, and awake from our indifference and cry with the prophet of old, "Here am I, Lord, send me;" or has the effect of liberty been to leave us mere masterless men?

Do not suppose that in asking these questions I would suggest that they cannot be answered. Thank God, they can! In many noble lives, lived by free men for God and humanity, we have proof enough that the world has gained more than it has lost by liberty. Only when possessed by the weak and the careless is liberty a dangerous condition; and its dangers are apathy, irreverence, accommodation to average standards, unconcern for the things of the spirit, passing by rapid gradations with positive concern for the things of the flesh. There is no quarter of the religious world in which men so easily deceive themselves by a false security as among the free; none where vigilance and strenuousness are so vitally needed; none where it is so dangerous to let oneself drift with the stream. Of all men it is the free man who most needs to be guided, taught, and helped: though often the proudest of men, the most contemptuous, the most masterful, the most self-sufficient, his true place is among the humblest and most teachable—among those, that is, who have been as little children, that they may enter the Kingdom of God.

Letters to and from a Ministerial Nephew.

"OLD AT FIFTY."

Dear Uncle Phil,—

I have been greatly exercised in my mind lately, and feel that I must lay the subject of my trepidations before somebody; moreover, it is borne in upon me that that somebody ought to be you, with your wide experience of our churches, your genial common-sense, and your oft-proved kindly interest in myself. Under the heading "The supply of ministers" one of our esteemed seniors in the field has recently been unbosoming himself in one of our journals, and pointed to a state of affairs which, if it exists, must fill us with something very like dismay.

He tells us that the rage in our churches is all for young men in the pulpit, and that this tendency is driving ministers of tried worth and ability into compulsory retirement before their time; in effect, ministers are now-a-days "expected to retire from the pulpit at fifty." Youngsters fresh from college find no difficulty in obtaining appointments, because they "will take £50 less," because "some of the young people" (young ladies?) like an unmarried minister, and because somehow great things are expected from men of "undeveloped powers"—*i.e.*, men who have not yet proved their incapacity for the work they are undertaking.

Now I will confess to you that this indictment of our people's system of filling their pulpits has come to me as a considerable shock. For though at the present time it is my good chance to be only x years old—and for that sole reason the minister of a church—I cannot hide from myself the fact that in merely y years I shall have attained the fatal age of fifty, when, according to the writer in question, I shall be ignominiously driven forth into forced inactivity. That any gifts I may at present possess will by that time have matured, that my professional experience—not to speak of other matters—will have become immeasurably wider, are considerations that won't count at all. Some young man "educated for the ministry at enormous expense" will come along, offer his services at £50 less, and I shall be "cashiered." Tell me, Uncle Phil, are these really my prospects? And

are we really approaching a time when persons at the arrival of the first grey streaks will fly to Somebody's Sulpholine, to "undo the ravages of time," as the advertisement seductively puts it?

In the meantime, pending the arrival of a reply from you, I will tell you what my own impressions of the matter are, or until now have been. I used to think that while a youthful mediocrity has an advantage in the matter of obtaining a pulpit as against a middle-aged ditto, or an untried man of thirty as against a notorious failure of fifty, the man who has a fairly good record need not fear that when he reaches the latter age, he will be "Stellenboschedd," to quote the latest Kiplingism. (You remember, of course, Stellenbosch is the place where the men are sent to who "haven't done quite so well"). And, again, it has sometimes seemed to me that whereas a man of average or more than average ability improves as he gets older, a man who starts his ministerial career as only a moderately dull preacher, in course of time becomes immoderately so,—with the painful results already indicated.

Then, candidly, I don't see what is to be done in the matter of the young men who are being educated for the ministry "at enormous expense"—a circumstance which apparently furnishes cause for complaint. Is it suggested that the students are to be trained at less expense, *i.e.*, less efficiently, so that they may be less formidable competitors? Or are no men to be trained for the next five years or so, in order to give the "compulsorily retired" quinquagenarians another chance?

How the financial attractiveness of the younger men is to be diminished or counteracted I verily know not, but I do know of a case where a student, fresh from college, was offered by a church, not £50 less, but more, than his middle-aged predecessor. That, however, is perhaps only additional proof of the insane eagerness of congregations to obtain the services of these callow striplings.

Finally, and this is the oddest point of all, I have made a mental scamper through the list of our ministers, and there I find names like Armstrong, Hargrove, Brooke Hereford, Wood, Blatchford, Dawson, Klein, Street, and others not a few—all of them, I believe, over fifty, yet none on the retired list. Can it be that these ornaments of our Churches are still engaged in active service because—well, because they have proved themselves to be ornaments? At first sight it would seem so, but very likely I'm all wrong.

Anyhow, since reading this letter on "The Supply of Ministers" I have felt all at sea, very uncertain as to what the future may hold for me, and what sort of later middle age I'm likely to spend. I turn to you, Uncle Phil, for counsel and enlightenment, and, eagerly awaiting both, I remain,

Yours perplexedly,
ROBERT MANCOLL.

My Dear Bob,—

Your letter raises a more serious question than you yourself discuss, namely: How is it that a certain number of ministers in our midst, men of earnestness, culture, and ability, yet more or less fail in their pulpit work and pastoral offices? So far as my observation goes it is not the case that mere age, be it fifty or sixty, is in the view of churches on the look-out *for* a minister, any disqualification. Often experience counts as against youth. Five-and-twenty years in the ministry should ripen a man and make him worth far more to a church than a callow student just out of college. The correspondent you quote makes a general charge from a too narrow basis. I dare say it is true that here and there the man of fifty is passed over for the youth of six-and-twenty, but not for the reasons he mentions, and with which you deal quite sufficently in your pleasing way. It is trifling with the subject to put the preference down to the pressure of young ladies, or the young man's willingness to take £50 a year less than the married man. No, Bob, you need not fear the workhouse as your only refuge at fifty,—*provided*—! And there I pause. For, as I said at the beginning of this letter, a man may have earnestness, culture, and ability, and yet find himself, as the years roll on, less and less acceptable to congregations, for reasons which he has never faced and perhaps never suspected, and which no one has had the courage to tell him. When he began he had youth on his side as a counter-advantage to his defects, and there was the hope that years would tone down that irritability, or that sarcastic habit, or that want of tact, or that dryness of manner, or that years would cure that unimpressive delivery, that

ignorance of human nature, that air of imparting superior information which after a while people find so annoying. I believe it to be pretty generally true that if an earnest, cultured, able man finds himself at fifty years of age out of the running, the reason is in himself and not in the crass stupidity of congregations.

So, Bob, let me give you a little advice. Not that you will pay much heed to it. Like every young man worth his salt you will, I know, go your own way and follow your own lights, to which I don't in the least object provided you humbly learn what life and your own experience of it has to teach. Yet as you *will* have me play the part of Old Polonius, here goes for a few maxims dealing not with the deepest things indeed, but with by no means unimportant things in the ministry.

1. Keep your temper. You are inflammable, but you can do it. I do not mean that you are never to get riled and excited, only the riling should stop short of sarcasm, anger, and retaliation. When your congregation disagrees with you on some explosive public question, keep your temper. When someone criticises, and says that your sermons are long, or dull, or sophistical, or that you have no fervour, or that your prayers are tedious, or that you do not know how to read the Scriptures in public, or that you are not easy in conversation, or that you are "seven-eights a fine fellow and the other eighth a hole"—as a minister was once described—when these riling and insufferable observations are made, keep your temper, and the day after consider whether there may not be a grain of truth in that remark by which you may profit. Be tranquil tempered, I say. "Never resent an insult" said a sensible old minister, who had spent a long and successful ministry in one church. And he did not mean, be a milksop either; he was no milksop himself, but a man of views and vigours—not a timid and pliable man, but a downright man with fine possibilities and noble indignation. This keep-your-temper doctrine has many ramifications. Are things a little unpleasant? Don't show it in your manner habitually that you feel yourself annoyed. Don't bear grudges and antipathies. It is a poor business. It makes you feel unwholesome in your mind. Don't, don't be that most objectionable thing, a man with a grievance, and don't fling sarcasms at your people concerning it.

If things in the congregation vex you, keep them out of the pulpit. It is bad manners to have a fling in a side sentence at Mr. A. or Mrs. B., because they are not this or that. A chapel-warden once said to me, "Our minister always preaches a good sermon, but sometimes he spoils it by a personal allusion, which offends. He is like a cow who gives a good pail of milk and then puts her foot into it."

2. Cultivate tact in private intercourse. There are ministers who if the awkward thing can be said are sure to say it. The man of fifty sometimes fails because he has not learned to keep his boots off other people's corns. He sees things he ought not to see, and mentions things he ought not to mention, and when he calls generally commits some *betise*.

3. Don't *worry* your congregation either about their views or their souls. Ministers sometimes feel so responsible for their people that they can never let them alone. "I must give an account for them before God" say these over-anxious men; and they worry them to believe this and do that and attend the other, and in pestering ways make them uncomfortable, for all the world like a fidgety, nervous mother rather than with the masculine largeness and repose of a man who, having done his best, leaves the result in God's hands.

It is possible to carry great loads of loving anxiety for your fellow-men, and feel tremendously, and preach about it, and yet not let your desire carry you into always driving down their throats your medicine, and seeming to have a contrary spirit and a masterful wish to have your own way with their views and souls and actions. After all, your folks are in better keeping than yours, when in God's.

4. And don't worry pet subjects to tatters and death. O, how sick congregations get of their pastor's Christology, or his views on Darwinism, or his peculiar theory of Egyptology, or his pet aversion to Herbert Spencer, when he gives it them Sunday after Sunday, and can no more let it alone than can a terrier a rag-doll. How he gnaws at it and growls over it, and tosses it about and worries it.

These are surface maxims, my dear Bob, and there are deeper things connected with the

unnatural fact of being old at fifty. But surface defects are not seldom responsible for the bitterness of the feeling that one is being pushed aside for younger men. There are forty other things to say, but the Editor tells me you and I have taken too much of his space already.

Your affectionate Uncle,

THEOPHILUS BROWN.

Rough Notes of Bible Class Lessons for Senior Scholars.

V.—"THE BIBLICAL IDEA OF GOD."

Why do we read the Bible? Not for its Science, but for its Religious Ideas?

What have we in the Bible? The story and the development of Religious Ideas.

[Note the progressive character of Bible teaching.]

Is the Bible one book? No and Yes. No, because it is made up of many books by many writers. Yes, because all these books are concerned with the same things—God and Righteousness. In the Bible certain great matters and ideas are always to the front. The greatest of these is

"THE IDEA OF GOD."

I.—The teaching of the Bible about God is progressive; the true idea is gradually disclosed, passing through three stages:—

(*a*) Anthropomorphic (the representation of God as having a human form and attributes—see Genesis iii. 8, vi. 6, xi. 5-7; Deut. vii. 2).

(*b*) Law-giver and King. (Ex. xx., Deut. x. 14, Psalm xlvii.)

(*c*) "Spirit" and "Father." (John iv. 24, Luke xv. 11-32).

[Note that Christ's revelation is the revealing or the giving of a *new name* for God. Importance of names: John xvii. 16, Luke xi. 2, Other names: *Eloah*, the Strong One; *Jehovah*, the Eternal. The Rock—Man of War—Lord of Sabaoth, etc.]

II.—The progressive nature af the Bible Idea is seen

(*a*) in the advance from Polytheism to Monotheism;

(*b*) in the advance from a lower to a higher morality in God;

(*c*) in the advance from material to spiritual conceptions of His nature and worship.

God as Power—God as Righteousness—God as Love.

III.—The Bible Idea of God culminates in the teaching of Christ's doctrine of Fatherhood and Spirituality.

VI.—"THE BIBLICAL IDEA OF MAN."

That the history of the individual is an epitome of the history of the race. The stages of growth in the one, childhood, youth, manhood correspond to the stages of growth in the other.

Man's origin—the scientific and the Biblical accounts. Man not created perfect—begins at zero, at nothing, and moves upward.

In the Bible the idea of man becomes fuller and richer as we travel on Adam might have said "It doth not yet appear what man shall be." The idea of man is progressive.

I.—We have in the Bible the story of man's growth and civilisation.

(*a*) In means of life:—First the savage (Gen. iii. 1-7); secondly, the hunter, agriculturist, and shepherd (Gen. x. 9, xiii. 1-12); and then the artisan and merchant (Gen. iv. 21, 22, xxxvii. 28, xlix. 13).

(*b*) In mind:—Language (Gen. ii. 20), Law (Ex. xx.), Poetry (Songs of Miriam, Deborah, Moses).

II.—We have in the Bible the story of man's growth and individuality.

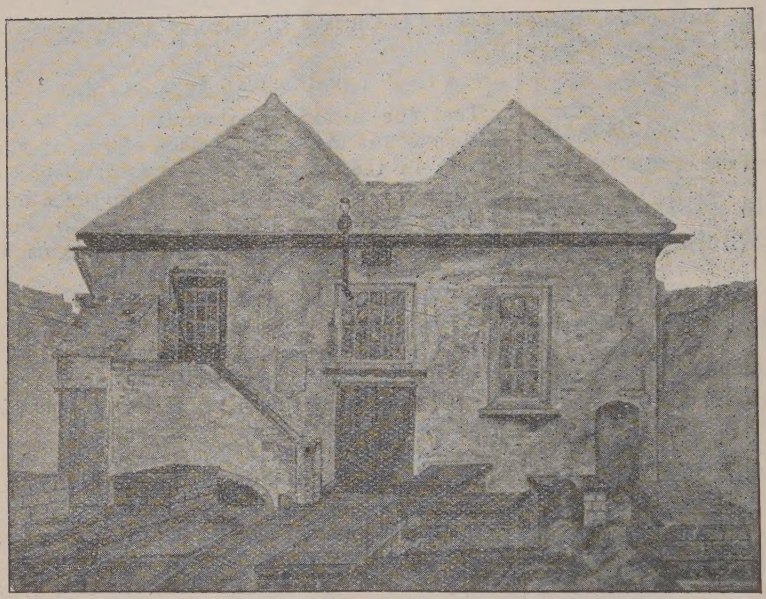
Three stages:—(*a*) Man absorbed in the family (Num. xvi. 32-35), see Roman law and custom. (*b*) Man responsible for his own deeds only (Ez. xviii.). (*c*) More and more infinitely precious (Luke xv.). Christ's doctrine that man is great in himself since he is the son of God. This truth proclaimed at the beginning (Gen i. 26), but forgotten, overlooked.

The Christian doctrine of man has abolished slavery, elevated woman, taught compassion for sickness and poverty.

A marriage sometimes fails because husband and wife cease to be polite to each other.

Christianity assumes the victory of goodness, of justice, of love. It further assumes that the object of life is to do, and not merely to speculate; to meet a trial, to form a character, to fulfil a mission.

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.



EXTERIOR OF CHAPEL BUILT IN 1698.

XIII.—Swansea.

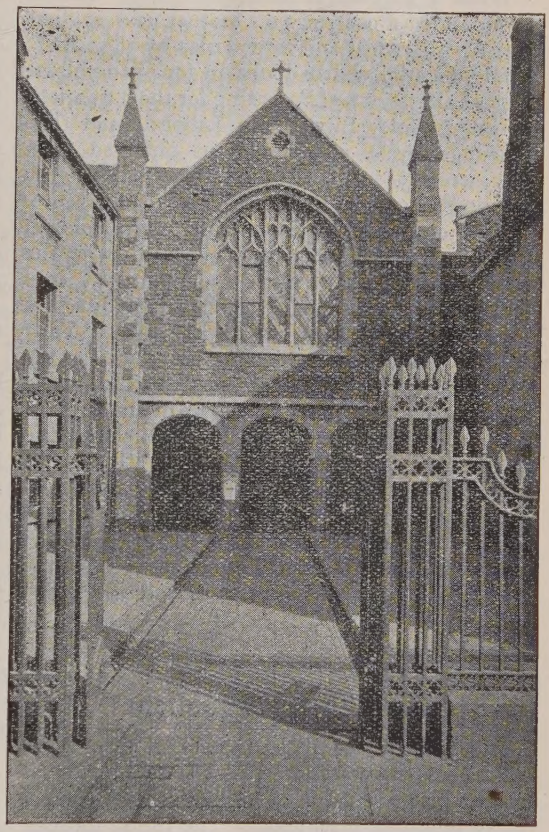
"Swansea Chapel," says its latest historian,* "is one of the children born of the storms and tempests which swept with such violence over the ecclesiastical and religious life of this country a little more than two centuries and a half ago." Out of the mists which hide from us the beginning of Free Church life in Swansea, there emerges the figure of Marmaduke Matthews, one of the ejected ministers of 1662, and who preached in a little chapel at the end of the town. He was presently joined by two other ministers, victims of the Act of Uniformity, Stephen Hughes and Daniel Higgs, the latter known as the "Apostle of Carmarthenshire." The little chapel just mentioned was probably a private house, as it was not until 1689 that the congregation built for itself the Meeting House which gave place to a larger building in 1698, a picture of which we are able to give our readers.

* "The Rise and Power of Religious Free Thought in Swansea," by W. Tudor Jones, F.R.G.S. Swansea, 1900. An excellent account of its subject.

The roll of ministers from that time onward contains many distinguished names, — among others, Solomon Harris, William Howell, Richard Aubrey, G. B. Brock, J.P., Matthew Gibson, Edward Higginson, George Hamilton Vance, B.D., and J. E. Maning, M A. It was during the ministry of Mr. Brock (1837-1854) that the chapel was rebuilt. Mr. Brock was a man of great force of character, and in subsequent years, having resigned the ministry, became Mayor of the town and a county magistrate. The new chapel was opened in April, 1847, the preachers being the Revs. George Harris and William James, and it has since rejoiced in much prosperity. Much has often been said in criticism, more or less unfavourable, of the method of election to the ministry in our Free Churches. But in 1876 Dr. Martineau's influence over our churches was so great that when he recommended a congregation to take a particular course the recommendation was generally adopted. An unofficial bishop is no bad institution. On Mr. Higginson's resignation in 1876, the Swansea church received the following letter from Dr. Martineau: "I do not know whether the Swansea congregation has yet taken any steps towards the election of a successor to my brother-in-law, Mr. Higginson But if not, I may perhaps be held excused, on the score of my paternal interest in the students who have been under my care, for recommending to your favourable consideration a very successful Hibbert scholar, who has just taken his M.A. degree in classics in London University, and been placed highest but one on the list. I refer to Mr. John Edmondson Maning, whom Mr. Higginson, previously to his retirement, would gladly have secured as his assistant colleague,

conditionally on the approval of the congregation. Mr. Maning is now prepared to settle, if an acceptable opportunity offers; if not, he will make application to the next meeting of the Hibbert Trustees for a fellowship. *I should be sorry for him to be kept out of the pulpit for another term of years; lest the early fire should die within him, and he should be moulded into the mere scholar.*" Then follows a personal commendation, of which Mr. Maning may be justly proud. The congregation acted like sensible men, and Mr. Maning was chosen minister. A good many sorry divisions in our Free Churches would be prevented if congregations would accept the nomination of our unofficial bishops. But Dr. Martineau's letter is of special interest, as showing his appreciation of the danger that too many years spent in study may take the fire out of a young man. Hibbert scholars, beware! Somewhere or other we seem to have met in the ministry that "*mere scholar.*" May the dying ashes be rekindled into a flame!

The Calendar of the Swansea Church announces that "Our church is a Free Church, in the sense that it possesses no binding creed, and requires no subscription to articles from minister or members. They are united by a belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Leadership of Jesus, the Brotherhood of Man, and the supreme importance of a good life. They stand on the truth that the revelation of God never ceases in the heart of humanity, and that something of the past must die in the light of the present, and feel convinced that in this way man is preparing himself in the best possible manner for the future."



EXTERIOR OF NEW CHAPEL BUILT IN 1847.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

By all means! But let us ensure that the marching shall be onwards, not circlewise. We must break away from the gin-horse rut round which our churches wheeze. There is too much separation between church life and every-day life, between what is called Religious and what is called Secular. It is not enough to institute lectures and amusements in connection with a church, excellent as these are, they are but small threads in the great web of life. We need an ideal which will unveil for us the awfulness inherent in such acts as eating and trading, an organisation which will guide our altruistic impulses into right and effective channels. Both ideal and organisation exist already: creation is not required, merely understanding and adoption.

The ideal is found in the old and simple thought of the universal brotherhood of man, with its included thoughts of mutual dependence, mutual service, mutual love. This ideal is common to all churches, all religions: any organisation that seeks to realise it in every-day life must be just as all-embracing. Such an organization has been founded by a few far-seeing souls, and for six years it has been struggling for existence amid the myriad mammon-forms of London. It is called the Co-operation Brotherhood Trust.

What I suggest is that each Free Church should enlist a company of brotherhood soldiers to study this ideal and its practice by the C.B.T. Ample material will be found in four pamphlets: Applied Christianity; Preparing for the Twentieth Century; Gold, Silver, and Labour; and The Exchange Circle. These may be obtained from the secretary to the C.B.T., 9, Charterhouse Buildings, London, E.C., post free, for fivepence.

This campaign will surprise the soldiers mightily, but it will constrain them to carry the war-game, which they play in church, out into the strategy and tactics of the Armageddon that is now upon us. And, as Ruskin said, "They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss; that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms as well as war."

W. Winslow Hall.

An Ethical Situation.

The door of the little Chapel of Ste. Marie aux Anges was pushed back on its hinges, revealing a square patch of colour radiant against the surrounding blackness. The thick, incense-laden air penetrated slowly into the street. Marie-Jeannette stood on the second step; her under-lip was pressed against her teeth, and her breath came short and thick. She had been praying to our Lady and good St. Nicholas of Bari for money, for food, for work. Here was the New Year, and still hungry mouths and empty pockets for herself and her mother. As she pulled her shawl more tightly around her, she could feel the elbow bones sharp and pointed. But now all this misery was at an end, and the miracle would be worked to-night, she knew it as a fact. As she had striven in prayer before St. Nicholas, the glorified image of the saint had bent down and whispered to her: "Go home, Jeannette, your voice is heard in heaven." The people in the church had not taken any notice. Marie-Jeannette knew they had no faith, or else the blessed saint would have spoken to them also; as it was, they saw nothing. She was quivering with excitement, and her cheeks were red as poppies and burning hot as she stood there under the cold stars. The wind cut her like a knife, but she never noticed it. Her mother was ill, so ill! And the cupboard had little in it besides a couple of turnips and the rind of an old cheese; as for Minette, her sides were sticking together. But to-night it would all be so different, the saint had heard her prayer; and on her homeward way Marie-Jeanette would take with her the gladness of the New Year.

She walked on and on, never noticing where her footsteps were leading her, in an ecstasy of devotion. *Fiacres* rattled past, people jolted her, and street boys yelled in her ears, but her inner life was so vivid that she had lost all consciousness of outward things. Her soul was singing in the stars, and the glory of Heaven shone in her face.

Suddenly there was a great stir, and a cry of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" Everybody seemed to be running. Marie-Jeannette caught a glimpse of a haggard face, white and hunted, the eyes bloodshot, and the blue lips strained in a grin over the protuding teeth. "He must be very wicked," she thought; "a thief—how terrible! He deserves punishment."

He doubled, and passed her again—this time quite close—and as he did so, he threw his booty away from him. He ran quicker now. It was a sealskin bag that he had wrenched from a carriage waiting by the hotel. Marie-Jeannette had passed the carriage as she left the chapel, and had noted the silver fittings of the bag with an unconscious pleasure. It fell near her, and the contents rolled out. The crowd closed round officiously, eager to help. For a moment Marie-Jeannette's attention was arrested by the gendarme, and when she looked down again a bright yellow coin shone at her feet. It was a louis d'or that had slipped from the bag. She trembled in every limb. It was the miracle! She saw clearly that it was the result of faith and the many prayers that had left her weak and spent. The tears started to her eyes and she trembled. She put up her hand to her throat and felt even then the throbbing of her heart. Muttering a prayer, she slipped her foot over

the coin and leant forward, staring at the gendarme. Words failed her. Her body swayed to and fro, and she saw the heavens full of smiling faces, whispering down to her: "Well done, little Marie-Jeannette! Your prayer is heard! Your prayer is heard!

Soon the excitement spent itself. The people passed along, and Marie-Jeannette was left practically alone; in the surging crowd no one heeded her, and she was safe to pick up the holy money. She looked furtively round and moved her foot. There it was, still shining — the blessed piece of gold! As she walked in the direction of home her heart was overflowing with the joy of fulfilled desire. She wondered vaguely if they had caught the boy. "He quite deserves a punishment," thought Marie-Jeannette; "he was very wicked."

By-and-by she came to the bridge; the river was rushing inexorably into the blackness, and the few red lights in the distance multiplied themselves indefinitely on its surface. The lines of the bank were indistinct, and the sense of space sobered Marie-Jeannette. She shivered, although she was not really frightened, for she felt the kind arms of the saint spread about her.

Suddenly she started with a little cry. A white, drawn face looked out at her from under the stone seat built into the bridge. Marie-Jeannette knew it; it was the thief.

"I saw you," he muttered hoarsely, "in the crowd. Are they coming? Tell me, quick! I've had no food for two days and two nights. I'm starving, starving!—do you hear?"

With a sudden impulse Marie-Jeannette held out the piece of money. "Here, take it," she said. "It is the saint's, but you shall have it." She was frightened and miserable; she wondered if she were doing wrong, but the poor wicked thief wanted it so much. She looked up at the stars, but they were cold—angry, she thought—and St. Nicholas, how could she pray before his image again after treating his gift like this? She crept home under the shadow of the high wall, afraid to speak, afraid to pray. The wind rose and whistled round the bridge, and to Marie-Jeannette it sounded like the laughter of devils.

All night she crouched in the corner of the garret, and the reproachful eyes of the saint haunted her sleep fitfully.—MABEL DEARMER.

Our Debt to the Past.

This is an age which worships the present. The past has slipped away from us for ever: little remains of it but regret for its mistakes. The future stretches before us, unknown and untried. All that we truly possess is to-day. Let the dead bury their dead; while we give our time and energy to the task in hand, the duty or opportunity that now confronts us.

There is much merit in such kind of talk, so far as it shows an attempt on the part of the human mind to throw off a false allegiance to useless traditions and ideas. On the whole, it is better to look forward than backward, since the looking backward is so apt to be through tears. Paul's words have the right ring,—"Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before." But Paul could not forget the past: he could not forget his own record of blind striving, intellectual error, mistaken deed and worship. No thoughtful soul can or desires to forget the past. Though inevitably bound to it, we need not feel ourselves in its bondage. Our true relation to the past is admirably described in the words that serve as the motto of our little missionary sheet, *Old and New*: "I cannot rest contentedly on the past. I cannot take a step forward without its support."

What are some of the ways by which we estimate our debt to the past? First, there is memory, — the memory that is personal, gathered up in our own individual inheritance of beliefs and ideals, of knowledge, aspiration, and faith, and the larger memory of the race gathered up as history and tradition. Memory in the individual is the basic element in human personality, connecting yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow with the thread of a single consciousness: in the race it is the same thread of conscious change and progress—of continuity—spread over the lives of many.

Memory and hope are always blended together in our thought, not in natural mental antithesis only, but because there is a strong moral likeness between the two. Present resolve and effort are inseparably shaped by past accomplishment. According to the spirit and purpose with which we recall the past will we guide our future. If I look backward only

through tears, then tearful will be the outlook I cast ahead. Where memory is evoked only for indulgence in its melancholy pains, it will cloud the understanding and weaken the will. How to rightly use and cultivate the faculty of remembrance becomes, then, an important part of moral training. All the great causes of religion, education, and social progress hinge upon our right understanding and use of the past. The controversy between the advocates of the classic and scientific systems of education presents one form of this debate. The strife in religious circles between the upholders of ancient dogma and the defenders of new and growing ideas is another phase of the same general question. "The world's memory must be kept alive, or we shall never see the end of its old mistakes.

History is the man's memory writ large. Its true use has been well set forth by that most practical writer on obstruse themes. Frederic Harrison, in his book, "The Meaning of History." This meaning lies not in any collections of mere names and dates, stories of kingly quarrels and intrigues, the "memoirs of the unmemorial." We must pass all these. The test of history is that it teaches us the lesson of human progress. "It shows us the nations of the earth woven together in one purpose, or lit up with those great ideas and great purposes which have kindled the heart of mankind." What we need to discover more than all besides in our reading of history is "a clearer knowledge of the moral nature of man." In an age of rapid change and experiment we are apt to overlook those slow processes of growth by which man has come to be what he is. We are full of impatient zeal to accomplish the impossible, to do the work of ages in a generation or a year. We forget that the great ideals of truth and justice for which we are so eagerly working to-day belong not to our day alone, but have been the objects of human love and aspiration always; that freedom is not to be obtained in some new-time enactment or statute; that in this and all ages it

"Broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

Not history alone teaches us the worth of the past, but science also, which seems often only to discount and deride it. In the discovery of the great law of heredity we find ourselves bound in another way to the past. Conservative forces are at work also in the physical realm. Nature has some constancy of purpose, as well as man,—respect for the thing already done. Unhappily, so far, we have accepted this law of inheritance only, for the most part, to weep and lament over it, counting up all the pains and losses it entails, heedless and ungrateful for its benefits. We note all the weaknesses, deformities, we have inherited from a sinning or incapable ancestry; we excuse ourselves by accusing our grandfathers and grandmothers, and speak resignedly of the inherited evil trait, as if we had no choice but to continue it. Parents do much unconscious mischief in their talk to and about their children on this subject, "My boy hates his arithmetic just as I did." We misread Nature's lesson in this principle, when we make it serve any fatalistic end She has not meant either to discourage or punish, only to warn us. The law of inheritance, fully understood, shows us not only how we derive from the past, but how we may impart to the future. "John Halifax, Gentleman," by his self-made worth of character, wisely resolves that, since he can never be the descendant of a noble family, he will be the founder of one—a far more honourable distinction.

The homage which men have paid to the past in the name of religion has often been of a false and harmful kind. The strict orthodox in religion is governed only by a servile belief in the past. The boastful free thinker swings over to the other extreme, and declines to consider the past at all, except to renounce and ridicule it. Professor Allen speaks of those people "who go out of their way to kick the dead body of their old opinions." The true thinker will refrain from such behaviour, which is both unseemly and unjust. If he cannot respect the mistaken ideas of the past, he will at least respect the sincerity with which such ideas where once held. The new spirit in religion, which we describe with the term "universal," seeks for this element of moral sincerity beneath differing forms of faith. It seeks to preserve that "reverent frame" in which Nature and the human mind work. That is the treasure which religion has preserved to the world—reverence — reverence growing ever more

rational. Out from the rich and bountiful past has come the Bibles, words of sacred song and story, the legends of holy living and dying that thrill and uplift us still. What lasting gains are here found? How immortal the inheritance thus derived! Our debt to the past would be immeasurable, even where it not growing larger every day. It is a churlish spirit that would seek to belittle or deny it.

A Love-Promise.

A Summer Evening Song.

At that calm hour thou lov'st the best,
When daylight softly closes,
When birds fly, weary-winged, to rest,
And Eve shuts up the roses—

At that dear hour of Nature's hush,
When zephyr scarce is sighing,
And lingering tints of roseate blush
Are in the westward dying—

When heart to heart most warmly opes,
To loves the fondest clinging;
When memories, and fears, and hopes,
And orisons are springing—

I'll think how often, wending slow,
That happy hour hath seen us;
And breathe thy name in accents low,
Though oceans roll between us.

Ah! yes; though Time's cold tide shall flow
Absence and distance aiding,
And try to chill what seems to glow
Too warm—too bright for fading;

At that loved hour we oft have met;
Still soft as daylight closes,
Thou'lt steal on my remembrance yet,
As dew upon the roses.

H. B.

The Seed Sower;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR THE HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH.

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Tennyson's First Rhymes.

When quite an infant, Alfred Tennyson had given precocious evidence of the possession of thoughts usually far removed from the cramped intelligence of childhood. At five years of age, little Alfred, as the wind was sweeping through the rectory garden, suffered himself to be blown along by it, threw out his arms in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and exclaimed, with a Wordsworthian sense of something beyond the mere roar of the tempest, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." The thoughts that seethed and simmered in the crucible of his boyish intellect, by and by shaped themselves in crude attempts at metrical form. Mrs. Ritchie must be laid under contribution as to the momentous episode of the first poetical attempt. "Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church, little Alfred brought the slate to his brother, all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the model of Thomson's 'Seasons,' the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. 'Yes, you can write,' said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate. I have also heard another story, of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and, when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands, and saying, 'There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last.'" Predictions of this depreciatory kind often have the effect of stimulating courageous and hopeful natures to bring about their falsification. Whether or not this was the case with little Alfred Tennyson, he was not to be deterred from the worship of the muse by the kindly banter of a grandfather who probably entertained the then common notion that poetry was a drug in the market, and that even publishers did not want to buy verses, unless they had the fire of

Byron's, or the melody of Shelley's, or the romanticism of Scott's.

The anecdote related above, about Charles Tennyson, seems to indicate a superiority of judgment rather out of proportion to the difference in the ages of the two brothers. He was Alfred's senior by only one year, and it must be inferred (as this story has the direct authentication of one of the actors) that his critical faculty had ripened with exceptional quickness. His own poetical tastes, although they never reached such a maturity of blossom as his brother's, were in after years to more than fulfil an early promise of sweetness of expression and gracefulness of form. The two lads grew up in close kinship of like tastes. Being the elder, Charles had, however unconsciously, something to do with the schooling of his junior's budding capacity; but the existence of special gifts in the latter was recognised at a very early period in the Tennyson household, and many counsels and encouraging words were, no doubt, forthcoming from all but the youngest members of the circle. Alfred was notable to the village gossips, in this early boyhood, by reason of his passion for the sea. Many of his early poems are said to have been written to the moaning music of the German Ocean, as it rolled in restless breakers upon the Lincolnshire coast. There is a tradition that he once ran bareheaded all the way from Somersby to the shore, to be inspired by the never-ceasing suggestiveness of the melancholy sea. Here, truly, was the right sort of stuff for the making of a poet.

Hope in God—Creator.

A Meditation,

By the Late CARDINAL NEWMAN.

1. God has created all things for good; all things for their greatest good; everything for its own good. What is the good of one is not the good of another; what makes one man happy would make another unhappy. God has determined, unless I interfere with His plan, that I should reach that which will be my greatest happiness. He looks on me individually, He calls me by my name, He knows what I can do, what I can best be, what is my greatest happiness, and he means to give it me.

2. God knows what is my greatest happiness, but I do not. There is no rule about what is happy and good; what suits one would not suit another. And the ways by which perfection is reached vary very much; the medicines necessary for our souls are very different from each other. Thus God leads us by strange ways; we know He wills our happiness, but we neither know what our happiness is, nor the way. We are blind; left to ourselves we should take the wrong way; we must leave it to Him.

3. Let us put ourselves into His hands, and not be startled though He leads us by a strange way, a *mirabilis via*, as the Church speaks. Let us be sure He will lead us right, that He will bring us to that which is, not indeed what *we* think best, nor what is best for another, but what is best for us.

Colloquy. O, my God, I will put myself without reserve into Thy hands. Wealth or woe, joy or sorrow, friends or bereavement, honour or humiliation, good report or ill report, comfort or discomfort, Thy presence or the hiding of Thy countenance, all is good if it comes from Thee. Thou art wisdom and Thou are love—what can I desire more? Thou hast led me in Thy counsel, and with glory hast Thou received me. What have I in heaven, and apart from Thee what want I on earth? My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the God of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Arcadie.

I travelled many winding ways
That weary seemed to me,
In cloudy nights and windy days,
To find sweet Arcadie.

The shepherds stand on either hand:
"We fain would go with thee,
Save for our sheep, to that sweet land,
That far-off Arcadie.

Along the self-same way I fare,
And shepherds ask of me,
"Hast found those green fields anywhere?"
"Yea; but the people dwelling there.
Know not 'tis Arcadie."

Arthur Willis Colton.

Religion is not given to solve intellectual doubts, but to make us better men.

Seed Corn.

Prayer to be efficacious must be your life.

Prayer is sunning oneself in the light of God's countenance.

It is hardly in man to estimate greatly what is familiar to him.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man.

We are the sons of God begun in Time; the finishing will take Eternity.

Giving God honour, never underrate yourselves; after him you are everything.

Self-sacrifice for its own sake is not virtue. A thing is not wrong because it is pleasant.

The meanest man in the community is the man who does nothing, and is content to live on his means.

It takes away much of the savour of life to live amongst those with whom one has not one's fair value.

By revenging the insults of men you put yourself on their level; by forgiving them you become their superior.

If the pulse beat not the body is most dangerously sick; if the conscience prick not there is a dying soul.

Beware of dwelling on the number of your good qualities. It was King David's counting his subjects that deprived him of them.

> What is life without a heart to feel
> The great and lovely, and the poetry
> And the sacredness of things.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose handles are true, but whose blades are false.

Men fear public opinion now as they did in former times the Star Chamber; and those awful goddesses, Appearances, are to us what the Fates were to the Greeks.

The mind that would perceive truth must remain at rest. Ruffle its surface, or agitate its depths, and the rays from the universe become disturbed and broken, and form no definite image.

There is no place where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous; you may speak more plainly to your friends, but not less courteously than to strangers.

The impression that every man makes upon his age and country is not so much determined by the events and associations of his manhood as by the ruling principles and passions of his youth; so that youth is the bud of which manhood is the flower.

Christianity is not sent into the world to establish monarchy or secure the franchise, to establish Socialism or to demolish it: but to establish a charity, a moderation, a sense of duty and a love of right, which will modify human life according to any circumstances that may possibly arise.

That which the air is to life, religion is to politics. It is the vital air of every question. Directly it determines nothing, as directly the air shapes nothing; indirectly it conditions every problem that arises. How are the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ, if his spirit is not to mingle with political and social action?

There is a class of dreadfully humble people who make immense claims at the very time that they are explaining that they have no claims. They say they know they cannot be esteemed, they are well aware they are not wanted, and so on; all the while making it a sort of grievance and a claim that they are not what they know themselves not to be. Whereas, if they did but fall back upon their humility, and keep themselves quiet about their demerits, they would be strong then, and in their place; and happy, doing what they could.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Our Rollo.

A True Story.

A year and a half ago, a friend gave me a little puppy, round as a ball, black as night, and with head and tail exactly like those of a fox, except that the tail curled up and swept round featherwise. Indeed, a dog-breeder told me it was a thoroughbred Sioux fox. If an inordinate fancy for poultry, alive or dead, raw or cooked, is a sign of a Sioux fox, then certainly our animal was of the truest breed. The scrapes she has brought us into with our neighbours touching chickens and ducklings, are many. A bark, a cackle, a stampede of half-a-dozen children, and we are made aware that there is one more missing link in somebody's poultry yard; and once more threats of slaughter are breathed out against our pet, mingled with a promise of a "summons" for ourselves. A few weeks ago, Rollo became more staid, and her depredations were on a quieter, if not smaller, scale; for beyond a disinclination for plain food and a self-satisfied licking of the lips, around which feathers showed signs of her latest meal, there were no visible symptoms of bad habits.

One morning we heard our doggie crying, and when we went to see what ailed her, we found her moaning over three dead puppies. Her piteous efforts to lick them into life, her distress and sorrowful cries, touched our hearts; and it took the bravest amongst us to remove them from the poor mother and to bury them out of her sight. Now comes the strange part of my story. A little gray cat which belonged to us was, in all the pride of maternity, bringing up two kittens. We suppose that Rollo was determined to have something to love and care for, and that she was resolved not to be outdone by a paltry little gray cat. Anyhow, in the course of the morning there was a united cry of dismay from the children, and immediately eight little girls and boys ran in to tell me that "Rollo was killing a kitten." I went to the dog's abode in the tool-house, and found her, with all the tenderness of the most loving of mothers, nursing the baby kitten. But I am sorry to say that success made the little foster-mother greedy, and that, watching her opportunity, she marched off with kit number two, leaving poor Pussy babyless. The whole of that day—and in fact ever since—the amount of exchange and barter carried on between that cat and dog is a thing to be astounded at. The way those kittens travel, carried from place to place, now in the mouth of a dog, now in that of a cat, is enough to muddle the brains of any quadruped. Sometimes you will see the two kits in Pussy's basket, but far more frequently two in Rollo's. The doggie has lately adopted the plan of carrying one kit—the favourite or first-adopted one—in her mouth, sometimes head down, sometimes tail, when she takes a walk. Then, if we call "Puss!' she drops number one, and scampers off to the tool-house, to see if number two is all right. Oftener than not, Pussy — most likely watching in ambush—will seize the dropped kitten, and before Rollo's return, carry it off in triumph to her basket. We await the result; the head of the house not feeling quite happy, meanwhile, at having occasionally to get up in what should be the silent watches of the night, to march to the relief of a wailing kitten left on the garden door-step, while its adopted mother rushes off to indulge in a free fight with anything that comes in her way which, to her mind, is calculated to injure her baby.

The children are never tired of watching the morsels of kittens, which, I am free to confess, have the biggest heads and the straight-up-est tails I ever saw. They wait, with what patience children can, to see whether these kittens will, when they grow up, purr or bark.

Gentle Influences.

Violets in the leafiest shade,
By their odours are betrayed;
Soft winds, over flower-fields blown,
By their fragrant breath are known;
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
Wets unseen Earth's slumbering breast;
Rills from out the bleak hill-side,
Swell to rivers, deep and wide;
Rivers flowing, fast and free,
Widen to the boundless Sea;
All great things that move the Earth,
To gentle issues owe their birth;
And soft influence still is best,
Bringing comfort, love and rest.
Sweet domestic love is strong—
Leads to Right, and warns from Wrong;
Kindly whispers mightier prove,
And to loftier action move,
Then the fretful voice of Scorn,
Of Contempt and Anger born.

Kingliness of Service.

"Ah, to be prince!" sighed the boy. "Oh for the popular crown,
Surely, the king's highway knoweth no thorn nor frown."

"Boy," said the ruler benign; "rare are the sceptre and throne;
Rarer the paths of ease that lead to the conqueror's own.

"He that would feast with the king must with his soldiers be fed.
He that would lead and command, first must obey and be led.

"He is a hero that tries: kingdoms and thrones are his fief.
Willing for service he reigns: gladly men call him their chief."